

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 46.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1859.

NO. 1088.

THE TWO SISTERS;

OR, THE CAVERN.

Translated from the French of Madame Herbert.

(CONTINUED.)

"How fortunate are we!" said Gabrielle, on returning to the cavern, "we want nothing—we have even more than we can make use of;—and these poor children were starving for want, in this cold weather too! how wretched they looked! I think I see them yet!"

"Yes! it was fortunate that we went out this afternoon," said Augustine; "poor little creatures! they have now got some bread, and I am sure they will eat it with a good appetite."

"They have their mother with them," added Gabrielle, sighing.

Augustine threw her arms round her sister's neck: "Do not grieve," said she, "God will send us our dear mamma again, and our dear papa too. I am sure they will not be angry with us, for what we have done for poor Margaret."

"Surely not, my dear Augustine! to assist the unfortunate, was a precept our mother all ways practised; how often has she taken me with her to the cottages of the poor and indigent, whom she assisted: and how often have I seen her shed tears of compassion for their miseries! whilst they blessed her a thousand times. I intend to add a bill of two hundred livres* to what I have already given her to-day, which will suffice, I think, to save her and her family from misery and despair, and to pay her debts besides; after which, she will have enough left to subsist on, until she can find work to maintain herself and poor little children."

"Shall we go and see her to-morrow?" interrupted Augustine.

"Yes, my dear, and we will go early too, that she may pay her debts directly: since we can save her from further wretchedness, let us do it without losing a moment. But it is too late to return there to-night; besides, she could do nothing if we did; so let us be thankful to God for his bounty, in giving us the means of doing a good action, and to-morrow we will rise with the dawn."

They passed the night in the sweetest sleep imaginable, for they dreamt that they saw their dear parents, who embraced them with the utmost tenderness; and in the morning they awoke with the hope of soon seeing the smiling sun reappear. They rose with the day, and went out with lighter hearts towards the habitation of poor Margaret, which might well have been called a cavern also, for it was composed of three rooms, hollowed out of a solid rock, by the hand of nature; the entrance to it was almost choked up by the branches of trees and vines, which covered the whole summit of the mountain; the morning was intensely cold—a cutting wind whistled through the holes in the rock—the thick falling snow dimmed the air, and made the sun look wan and languishing:—

* Eight pounds sterling.

all nature seemed lifeless; whilst the two sisters were struggling against the difficulties of a trackless path, and all the horror of a winter's morning, to relieve a hapless family, naked, without a bed to lie on, and almost perishing with want.

But they providentially reached Margaret's habitation in safety; the door was on the latch, which they opened as softly as possible, and slipped gently into the second room, where they overheard Margaret in the third, at prayers with all her family. They placed themselves in a corner unperceived, and waited till the prayers should be finished.

"My children," said Margaret, "we must return God thanks for the succour he has sent us by the hands of these two young ladies; we must pray him to bless them, and preserve their mother, as he has preserved yours."

The two sisters, on hearing this, fell on their knees, and joined in prayer with the poor family. Margaret having finished, passed into the second room, where she discovered them still on their knees.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "are you come!—come, then, my dear nieces, and enjoy our happiness and gratitude for the greatest of favours; the bread my children and myself are eating we are indebted to you for."

"No," replied Gabrielle, "God made use of us to succour you in the time of need, and it is to him only you ought to be grateful. But I am come to talk with you about your concerns; what do you think of doing, Margaret?"

"Alas! miss, I do not know what to do—I think I will give up the possession of the farm to our landlord, and beg him to let us have the cottage during this winter to live in; I am going to pay the baker with what you had the goodness to give me; I hope he will not refuse to trust me again, until I can get something to do for myself and my two eldest daughters; they are good girls, and know well how to hoe, and to weed, and I dare say the farmers will employ them when they can; unfortunately the season is so severe, that there is hardly a blade of grass to be seen in the fields, so that the cattle seldom go out, and we have little chance of getting any thing to do yet."

"Well, then," said Gabrielle, offering her the bill of two hundred livres, "take this, pay your landlord, and keep your farm, the production of which will maintain you comfortably; pay your baker also, and with the remainder buy a bed, with some fuel, and a little better clothing for yourself and children."

Poor Margaret stood motionless with astonishment; but all at once calling her children round her, she said, "Throw yourselves, with me, at the feet of these angels, who yesterday preserved your mother, and gave you bread; and to-day take you from the most fearful distress, to put you in possession of your inheritance!—Oh, my God!" exclaimed she, "may you bless these sweet creatures! bless their parents! make them happy!"

"Rise, Margaret," interrupted Gabrielle, bathed in tears of tenderness, "it is to God alone you must return thanks; I am but an instrument in his hands."

"Yes, miss, I will pray to him all the days of my life, to bless you."

"And you will pray for papa and mamma too," said Augustine, wiping away the tears that flowed down her cheeks.

"Where are they? let me fall at their feet and thank them," said Margaret. "Oo, my young protectress, tell me your name, that I may engrave it on my children's hearts, as it is already engraven on mine."

"A moment, if you please," replied Gabrielle, "I have something to say to you; what we have done for you is but trifling, and if you think us entitled to your gratitude, the only proof I ask or desire of it from you, is never to question either of us concerning our parents' names, or our residence; and above all things, never to speak to any one of the happiness we have had, in being of service to you.—Weighty reasons oblige me to be silent at present; hereafter I will make myself known to you, if I may be permitted to do it."

"I think I understand you, my dear miss; you are one of those unfortunate, whom the present government has proscribed; you are some of the nobility—may Heaven protect and guard you! do not expose yourselves, but keep as close as possible; I will risk my life to save you from the least danger. I entreat you to make use of me if I can be of the least service to you. We are poor, and know hardly any body, so I need not tell you we are almost always alone. Employ me with confidence—my attention shall be as boundless as my gratitude, which assures you of the greatest secrecy in whatever you desire."

"I thank you," said Gabrielle, "but my sister and myself cannot take advantage of the kind offer you make us, though we believe you perfectly sincere; but we will often come to see you."

Poor Margaret intreated them, in the most pressing manner, to keep their word; she renewed her thanks, and the sisters took their leave, and returned to the cavern, with more satisfaction than even the day before. The remembrance of a good action is so sweet! the mind enjoys it with such a delicious pleasure, that it tastes it for a long time afterwards; for of all pleasure, that of benevolence is the only one we can enjoy a long time without society.—Our amiable sisters, far from being lifted up at having been useful to this poor family, thanked the Almighty for having chosen them in preference to so many others that might have enjoyed the same happiness.

The cold had now become excessive, and as there was no chimney in any of the apartments in the cavern, and they could only burn charcoal, in a distant room, on account of its dangerous suffocating vapour, Gabrielle contrived to heat bricks, which she put under her own and her sister's feet. By these means they kept themselves warm, and continued their work.—In the morning, wrapped up in their coarse cloaks, they would wander through the most solitary parts of the forest, and climb over the rocks, by which exercise they strengthened themselves and invigorated their health; their cloaking protected them from suspicion; be-

alides they took care to avoid meeting with any one in their walks.—Sometimes in the afternoon, they went, for as Margaret's. This poor woman had now placed her two eldest daughters out to work, at some neighbouring farmers; where they lived comfortably, and brought home to their mother her weekly, the fruit of their industry; which, together with the produce of the yarn, she spun for the farmers, and the linen she washed for the Two Sisters, sufficed to assist in maintaining her numerous family, and keeping them well clothed. The poor woman paid all her debts, and became more happy every day—gratitude was such to the Two Sisters, that they had the highest opinion of her goodness of heart, and would frequently pass an hour or two, with her and her children. Gabrielle and Augustine used to teach them to read and write, and even to work—this, whilst it amused them, was also an act of charity to Margaret.

(To be continued.)

A FRAGMENT.

How amiable the picture presented by sensibility in distress; amiable, though full of anguish. View it at a bed of a dying friend. Behold it committing the remains of that friend to the silent recesses of the tomb. The affections bound, lacerated and bleeding, lie at the foot of death; the heart, surcharged with anguish, appears ready to burst in shreds, while the strength and support of the whole man seems to mingle with the descending clay, and leave him, like the new-born babe, weak, helpless and overcome. What anxious heart but pays to this a tribute of sympathy? What stolid but involuntarily anticipates the falling tear? What bosom echoes not the piercing sigh? Can friendship behold it without solicitude as well as anguish? Frail as the summer flower, man braves not reiterated blast in vain. He bends even to the first stroke of adversity—the second finds less strength to combat—another and another comes, and soon seek his place in vain. But his distress no consolation: the wounded heart no solace! Behold, emanating from Heaven, the merciful daughter of Divinity—her countenance beaming consolation—see her support the sinking sufferer: she binds up his broken wounds, and infuses into his soul a sweet tranquility—cheerfulness once more lights up its ray—the eye of faith rests on scenes beyond the present, beyond the shadowy grave—while the renewed heart, lifts its devout aspirations to the throne of God, and with pious hope ejaculates, "Thy will be done."

MODERN FASHION DEFINED.

FASHION is a varnish, much used for the purpose of creating a false gloss. It is like most other varnishes, of a poisonous nature, and produces the strongest effects upon the unhappy persons that use it. It causes them to go to bed when the sun rises, and to take an airing at midnight. It makes the ladies suppose they are full dressed, when they are half-naked. It occasions the gentry to come to town for the winter, when the lovely spring of nature smiles in all her charms; and to go in the country for the purpose of enjoying the summer, just as the fall of the leaf gives notice of the approach of winter. It makes them do many things, that are extremely painful to them, which they call taking their pleasure, and it deters them from the pursuit of heart-felt enjoyments, from a dread of their petrifying dulness. At length it deprives them of the power of seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, reasoning, or deciding for themselves, and compels them to see, hear, taste, feel, and decide, as other persons do. *Lon. Pap.*

ANECDOTE

A person of rank, and of chemical and mechanical celebrity, but distinguished for a total indifference to religion, was boasting one day, to a Clergyman, of the excellence of some water-works he had invented and constructed, and added, that after having been very useful to mankind (without the profession of religion) he hoped he should be very comfortable in the next world.—"Ah!" said the other, "if you meant to be comfortable there, you must take your water-works along with you!"

FROM THE WORTLAND ARCADE.

The following effusion of genius, and real poetic taste, is the production of a gentleman of this town, on having a description of

MISS HONEYWELL.

DAME Nature with ambition glowed,
Her various works I excel,
Great mental powers and charms bestow'd
On Martha Honeywell.

A guardian power soon checked the Dame,
'What excellence you've given,
Too great for mortals, you're to blame
To copy those of Heaven.'

Nature then felt the sharp caveat,
And with resentment fired
Left her own labour incomplete,
And instantly retir'd.

The beautiful face and mind remain,
With her surprising art,
To admiration, turns our pain,
To sympathy, our heart.

Could Nature finish all her task,
And the fine Limbs bestow,
The gazing crowd would eager ask,
What Angel's come below!

JOSEPHUS.

FROM A BELMONT NEWSPAPER.

THE MANIC.

Yes, the Maid I remember, who traversed the wild,
And sang her and song near the old withered thorn;
From her blush, she e'en seemed Surrow's favourite
child,
And a heart-rending burthen long time she had borne.

'Man, false deceiver! come not near me!
Ye, artless maidens do not fear me!
Heed not men's vows—would their wiles;
Oft Sorrow lurks beneath Love's smiles;
But hush!—The salt tear burns my cheek—
Ah! wounded heart when wilt thou break?'

Thus far she disclosed, but by whose's undone,
Or her name, not a sage village matron could trace
Still the town and its throng she was careful to shun,
But the traveller with pity would gaze on her face.

Each offered smile with scorn refusing;
Now mild her looks, now reason lost;
Now shed laugh, now leave a sigh—
Now chide the birds that near her fly;
Now fancy wild flowers round her grow,
And many a wreath she'd twine of straw.

The loud storm of winter raged keen o'er the wild,
When the horse of the poor shivered Manic was found.

Ah! why not, ye woe-beg, preserve sorrow's child!
Companion might heal many a wanderer's dead wound!

No rude stone marks her narrow dwelling,
Perhaps once thought each maid exceeding;
She wished the strange child to know,
Love was the source of all her woe;
How cautious still should be the fair,
Love leads to bliss—love leads to care!

EPITAPH.

ON AN INFANT.

Reader, behold! but do not heave the sigh
Beneath this spot a lovely babe doth lie,
Who hardly lived to show its infant bloom,
Scarcely in the cradle, ere it sought the tomb,
My friend, reflect, the hour of death is nigh,
Remember, Oh! remember, then to die.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

MR. HARRISON. Among the great number of people who are in the habit of writing letters, there are few (comparatively speaking) who pay any attention to the style, this frequently gives the reader a great deal of trouble in finding out the writers meaning and it sometimes happens that he cannot find it out at all. Let us take for instance, the following lines:

'There's scarce a maid in all the land,
Not has twenty nails on every hand,
Five and twenty on hands and feet—
This is truth without deceit!'

Now, in the manner in which the above example is pointed, it is an egregious falsehood: any thing to the contrary in the last line notwithstanding. But let it be pointed as follows, and the very same words will become an undoubted truth.

'There's scarce a maid in all the land but has twenty nails. On every hand five; and twenty on hands and feet. This is truth without deceit!'

I might produce other examples to show the utility of stopping, but fearing I have already trespass on your patience, I shall take the hint and put a full stop to this communication.

HIBERNICUS.

VARIETY.

From a London Paper.

THE ancestors of the Anglo-Saxons, the Germans, were so immoderately fond of gaming, that after having lost their money and goods, they would often venture their very persons and liberties on one desperate throw; would tamely submit to be sold, though younger and stronger than their antagonists, and sell themselves to be publicly sold in the market-places. Yet this extravagant and infamous conduct they called honour, as we attempt to dignify duelling, and other extravagant and immoral practices, with the same epithet.

A gentleman half stunned by the noise of the ballade at Covent garden Theatre was told by one of the very much admired the rattles "Then," replied the Gentleman, "I wish with all my heart you had then in your throat."

A person passing by the sessions house in the Old Bailey, asked his friend what building it was? "That," replied his friend, "is a house where they tell fortunes and pretty correctly too, for those whom they forecast will be hanged seldom come to be drowned."

A Gentleman observed to a Lady, that since a recent illness a mutual friend of theirs spoke very much like a puppy, "likely enough," replied the lady, "for I hear that by order of the doctor he has lately taken to bark."

A Poet being censured for quitting his lodging somewhat abruptly, was told he ought to be ashamed of thus running away. "Pshaw," replied the Poet, "you know we Poets must be indulged in our flights."

A youth being extremely anxious to enter the Army, urged to his parents as a very cogent reason that he was born in March!

REMARKS.

The pleasures of this world are chiefly folly, and the business of it mostly knavery, and both nothing better than vanity. The men of pleasure are tearing one another to pieces, from the emulation of spending money, and the men of business from envy in getting it.

The poor, who envies not the rich who pities his companions of poverty, and can spare something for him that is still poorer; is, in the realms of humanity, a king of kings.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1869.

Those of our subscribers in the Eastern part of the city, who, for a few weeks back, may not have received their papers, will please call for them at the office. The apology which we tender on this occasion is, that the young man who serves that route was unable to do it, owing to severe indisposition.

The city inspector reports the death of 51 persons, (of whom 12 were men, 5 women, 5 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last viz. Of apoplexy 1 asthma 1, cold 2 consumption 4, convulsion 4, debility 1, decay 1, dumpy 1, typhus fever 2, dyes 2, infantile 1, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, palsy 1, pleurisy 1 sudden death 1, suicide by shooting 1, and 3 of whooping-cough.

Pick Pockets.—On Tuesday, at an Auction before the Coffee-House, John M. Claus, a native of Georgia, and one of his accomplices, were detected in picking the pocket of an Albany citizen, and secured while they were making off with his pocket book. These dexterous gentlemen are connected with many others of the same handy profession, as appears by the examination at the police-office. If they do not lie as well as steal, we shall soon be able to give an account of several others who are in the habit of mixing with the crowd to feel the weight of pockets.

Nathaniel Stanley, alias Nathaniel R. Stanley, on the 11th inst. was convicted before the S. J. Court, on the charge of stealing the goods of Mr. A. McVie, to the amount of \$455 dolls. 69 cts., as alleged in the indictment, and was sentenced to three months solitary confinement, and ten years imprisonment to hard labor in the state prison.—Much praise is due to Mr. McVie for his indefatigable exertions in bringing this old and artful offender to justice.

Mar. Adv.

Gatesburg, Penn. Dec. 13.—Last week, as some workmen were quarrying on the lands of Doonas, in the county of Clare, for Mr. Murray, of Waterpark, on removing a large stone which lay in the way of a cart, they found two large casks of ancient gold and silver coins, of Edward VI, James I. and Charles I. with many different foreign coins, and a few halfpence of Clare.

On the 23d ult. in Halifax, N. S. Edward Jordan was executed as a pirate and murderer; he having while a passenger on board, rose upon the captain and crew of the schooner Three Sisters, on the coast of Nova-Scotia, in August; killed two of the crew, and compelled Capt. Stairs to jump overboard, (but who was providentially saved a few hours after, by Capt. Simmonds, in the schooner Elizabeth of Hingham). Assist d by Kelly, the mate, the Three Sisters afterwards reached Newfoundland, and where Jordan had engaged a man to navigate her to Ireland, when he was taken into custody; his wife was acquitted; and declared that Kelly was innocent: He was a native of Ireland; and was an old offender against the laws; and had visited New-York, Montreal, Quebec &c.

Died, on the 5th inst. in the Town of Harrison, in the County of West-Chester, Peter John Follow. (commonly called French Peter) a native of Flanders. When he first came to

this town from Canada, with the neutral French, he was an old man, and he lived here about 60 years. It is impossible exactly to ascertain his age, but as he was at the battle of Ramilies in 1706, it is probable he was more than 120 years, and he used to say he had served in 12 Campaigns. He retained his senses to his last moments—his hearing was remarkably good and his sight so acute that he could see a pin on the floor at some distance—He could handle his sword very dexterously and not long since has been seen to take off the snuff of a candle with the point of it at some distance. He was never known to have any sickness and died by a natural decay of the bodily powers, occasioned by extreme old age. He was never married and has been in the Town of Harrison 26 years.

Remarkable Ox.—We have had an account sent us by Mr. Joseph Case, of Flemington, of an ox raised by him, and which died lately very suddenly, which was not a little curious.—He was four years and eight-months old when he died, and had never eaten a quart of any sort of grain; yet his weight was as follows: carcass, 1,140, tallow, 100, hide 160; total 1400. His height was 16 and a half hands—but his docility was more singular than his size. He would at bidding kneel, lie down, feign himself dead &c. He would ascend any stairs or steps sufficiently strong to bear him. Of these feats we have been eye witnesses. He was probably one of the most extraordinary of the horned species. *Tremont True American.*

Greenfield, Dec. 12h.—Perished in the woods, on the night of the 1st instant, Cyrus Gunn, aged 5 years, son of Mr. Joseph Gunn, of Montague.—The particulars relating to his death follow: between the hours of 10 and 11, A. M. with the liberty of his mother, he went home with one of his mates, a son of Elsie Root, jun., who lived in the neighborhood. Between 12 and 1, Mr. Gunn went to the house of Mr. Root after his child. Here he learned from the family, that he tarried at the house, but a short time, and when he left it took a road that led from home. After diligent search and inquiry in the neighborhood, Mr. Gunn gave the alarm, at about 2 o'clock P. M. The inhabitants from various parts of the town soon collected, and commenced the search, and continued their exertions with unremitting diligence and perseverance, until about 1 o'clock at night, when all hopes of finding the child, during the night, were given up, and the people dispersed. What were the feelings and anxieties of the parents during the remainder of this long and tedious night, can be more easily conceived than described.

On the following morning, soon after light, the inhabitants again collected and renewed the search, and between 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M. found the body, about a mile and a half from his father's house. It is probable, that when he left the house of Mr. Root he mistook the road, followed it until he came to the river, at a place where had formerly been a bridge, then turned into the woods a small distance; when being discouraged and overcome by the storm and cold he sat down by the side of a tree and fell asleep to awake no more. "In such an hour, and in such a manner as ye think not, behold the Son of man cometh, therefore be ye also ready."

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
a few reams elegant gilt edge and plain
NOTE PAPER.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Yes, we've come to join in Hymen's tie,
And love with love in every nation vie;
Sound the dulceter, tune the music high,
For Heaven is found beneath the lofty sky.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. William B. Hutchings, merchant to Miss Ana Symets, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

Al! what is Greatness! what this thing call'd Fame!
A meteor's flash, which glitters but in name!
Worth cannot shrivel from Death, nor merit save
Its fard' off offspring from the tyrant Grave!

DIED.

On Monday evening last, after a short illness, which she bore with exemplary resignation and fortitude, Mrs. Sarah Stebbins, wife of David Stebbins of this city.

On Tuesday evening, last, in the 53th year of her age, Mrs. Ann G. Mumford, the amiable daughter of the Hon. Gurdon S. Mumford.

At Harrisonstown, West Chester county, on Friday last, Mr. Joseph Merritt, whose loss was much lamented by all who knew him.

At Norfolk, Mr. Lewis Saunders, deputy naval officer.

At Nova-Scotia, Mrs. Louisa Christina McIntosh, aged 43. And Mr. Nicholas Smith.

Of typhus fever, on the 13th November last, at Gravesend, (England) where he was about to embark for New-York, Charles C. Walden, in the 21st year of his age.

Drowned, on the 13th inst. between Brewer's Point and Weehauken, Mr. George Winn, aged about 30, a native of Lancashire, England.

THE COMPLETE CONFECTIONER;

CONTAINING,
among a variety of useful matter, the whole art of making the various kinds of Biscuits, Drops, Fawcetts, Ice creams, Fruits preserved in Brandy, Preserved Sweetmeats, Dried Fruits, Cordials, &c. &c.

FOR SALE,
AT NO. 2, PECK-SLIP.

NOTICE.

HAVING three years ago parted, by mutual agreement from my wife, and now finding that she is suing in debt wherever she can, this is to give notice, that I will pay no debts of her contracting.

ISAAC VANDERPOOL.

Dec. 23, 1869

MRS. HADLEY

Is removed from No 140 Broadway, to No. 12 Court-street, where she carries on the Millinery Business in all its Branches. She has for sale a variety of Fancy Millinery, of the Newest Fashions, which she will sell on very reasonable terms.

✓ Makes up Ladies own materials
October 14 1868—tf

RAGS WANTED,

SUITABLE FOR SURGEONS' USE.
AN EXTRA PRICE WILL BE GIVEN.
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

CISTERNS

Made and put in the ground complete warrant-ed tight by
C. ALFORD,
No 15, Catharine street, near the Watchhouse

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

Four or five Young Ladies for Mantua-making,
Inquire at No 88 Pearl street
Nov 18 1868—4f

COURT OF APOLLO.

MY YOUTH.

Answer, dear hours of infant joy,
When life indeed could please;
Each trifle, then, could charm the boy,
And mirth could every hour employ,
No cares obtruding to annoy,
My heartfelt ease!

Oh! then, to pass a fleeting hour,
I've loitered in the glade,
Oh! entered the acquirer's bower,
To pluck from thence a fragrant flower,
Or seek a refuge from the shower,
Within the shade!

But, like a shower, those days are fled,
Not to return again;
Ah! thro' what woes I've since been led;
How oft for them a tear I've shed.
And wished me numbered with the dead;
But wished in vain!

On many a silent eve, alone,
Unconscious have I strayed;
Till the young night to noon had grown,
The moon in peerless splendour shone,
And o'er the Heavens was late thrown,
In stars arrayed!

Oh! as I strayed the glen along,
With melancholy mien,
I've heard, the hollow rocks among,
The croakings of the owl's tongue,
And listened to the doleful song,
That gloomed the scene!

But now these young delights are o'er,
Nor ever can be mine;
My fate 'twere impious to deplore,
Ah! let me then repine no more,
Hope future blessings, and adore
The hand divine!

Yes, there's a coming hour, when I
Shall spread a fluttering wing;
And to the narrow mansion cry,
As to the world of light I fly,
'O! grave where is thy victory?
'O! death, thy sting!"

A correct and beautiful Picture of the Approach of
Morning.

From Rose's poem entitled "The Red King."

But now the mist hung thin and low,
Or drifted o'er the moor-land slow,
In many a curly wreath:
His whistle first the plover blew,
Then sharp and shrill the black cock crew,
And hopped along the heath.

Thin amber clouds bespoke the prime;
These changed to red; and in less time
Than I can tell the story,
Through Dear-Leap's grove of aged oak,
And Langley's shadowy thickets, broke
The sun in all his glory.

And with a lively roundelay,
The thrush welcomed in the day,
And, towering from the lair,
The skylark from his feathers flung
The dew-drops, mounting as he sung
His matins in mid-air.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Four or five Young Ladies for Mantua-making.
Enquire at No 89 Pearl street
Nov 18 1863—4



RULETT CONOVER,

(Late Foreman to Mr. Reuben Brown.)

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general, that he has taken that commodious stand at the blue window, No. 120, Broadway, directly opposite the City-Hotel, where he intends to carry on the LADIES SHOE MAKING in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the above business for upwards of eight years in the first rate shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

R. C. intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen, which will enable him, by known ability and strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladies, by sending their measures, shall be personally attended to at their respective places of abode, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

September 23

1075—4

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

A FRESH SUPPLY, JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

In Bottles at Four or Six Shillings each

An immediate, safe and effectual remedy in the most inveterate cases of *BILIOUS CHOLIC*, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey, who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommending trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself be its best recommendation.

August 19.

ALMANACKS,

For 1810.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

By the Grocer, Dozen, or Single one.

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE,
by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip
and at the Proprietors 48 Frankfort-street.
Oct 21

MRS. MCKENNY, CONFECTIONERESSE.

No 79 William corner of Liberty-street, begs leave to return her most grateful and unforgotten thanks to her friends and a generous public for the encouragement they have so liberally bestowed on her since she has commenced the above line of business. She flatters herself, from her strict attention, care, and punctuality, as well as her assiduity in endeavoring to please, that she will be enabled to give satisfaction to such Ladies and Gentlemen as will honour her with their commands. She has at present on hand a general assortment of Confectionery, wholesale and retail which she means to dispose of on the lowest terms. Also, Tea Cakes of every description, Plum-buns, bread and Ornamented, Jellys, Blanche Mince, Panna, &c. at the shortest notice. Hour-round Candy, for colds, made in a genuine manner.

Nov 18

1084—4

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS
this office,

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE, BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON.

At the sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies on ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise-shell Combs of all kinds.

Smith's Perfumed Chemical Cosmetic Wash Balm far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each.

Gentlemen Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of horehound known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions. 2s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented. Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d. Smith's Sarynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4s and 8s per do. paste.

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box. Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin. Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almond powder for the skin, 8s per lb.

Smith's Circassian or Antique Oil for curling, glazing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from falling out 1s 2s 4s and 8s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled de 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box. Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principles to help the operation of shaving a and 1s 6d.

Smith's elaborated Corn Plaster 3s per box. Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books. Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold. The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Stroops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery. 8 Franks Marcelline Pomatums.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT CHAMBER-LIGHT.

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give a good and sufficient light. They require no particular lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler, or any similar vessel.—Persons who are in the habit of being called up at night, and others requiring of wishing a light during the night (particularly the sick), will find those Tapers exceedingly cheap and convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans in light segars with during the day. They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE